

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

W. P. WALTON, Editor and Proprietor

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## A Tennessee Character.

There is a delightful old-time flavor about the following Tennessee character:

Col. W.—was one of those odd characters who become conspicuous for their humor and eccentricity and who are kept in remembrance long after they are dead by the many anecdotes related concerning them. He lived in one of the counties in Middle Tennessee, where for many years he traded in slaves for many years, a vocation which was not regarded favorably even in the South, but which enabled him to acquire a comfortable estate. He was widely known not only as a shrewd trader, but as a genial and fun-loving though rather self-important man, always ready to turn an easy penny and who could tell a capital story. On one occasion he was approached by Major H., one of the most prominent citizens of M., who wished to buy a smart, good-looking young negro to do service about his stable and kitchen. (It may be well to remark here that in those ante-bellum days of militia musters, military titles were nearly as common as they are at the present time.) Major—was one of the "big families," prided himself upon high position in society, was very dainty and delicate in his tastes and was scrupulous in drawing nice social distinctions. Col. W.—at an appointed hour brought up for inspection a likely mulatto boy, who was mentally and physically sound, but who stammered distressingly. As the boy was not consulted in the matter, he had only to quietly submit to an examination, very like that to which a horse is subjected when offered on the market. After some higgling up on the part of the two men Major H. paid a good round sum for the boy, and took his newly acquired property home.

The next morning, as the Colonel was seated in front of the town tavern, with his heels elevated against the balusters, Major H.—advanced toward him in no pleasant frame of mind, and without other salutation, exclaimed, "Col. W.—, you have cheated me, sir!"

Without altering his position, the Colonel looked up calmly, and said in his blandest tones, made more provoking by his tantalizing lip: "Good-morning, Major. You seem to be somewhat perturbed. If your remark with all due respect to me, I hope you will excuse me if I inquire to what you have reference?"

"You know very well, sir," replied the Major, with growing indignation. "You deceived me about that negro I bought yesterday. Why, confound it! he stutters so badly he can hardly make himself understood. It is absolutely painful to try to talk with him."

"My dear sir," responded the Col., with an air of injured innocence, and with a sly glance at the by-standers, who were enjoying the scene, "you ought not to blame me in the matter. I thought you wanted a servant to work for you. If you had told me you wanted a nigger to converse with, I would have taken pains to select you a better conversationalist."

This reply raised a laugh at the Major's expense, and so exasperated him he turned abruptly on his heel and left the naive Colonel master of the situation. [Harper's Magazine.]

CANNED INTELLIGENCE.—A remarkable instance of the fidelity and sagacity of the dog lately happened at Milford Haven. Two men named Davies and Taylor were out in a boat, which was swamped. The former of the men was the owner of a dog, and while the men were struggling in the water the animal caught hold of Taylor with the object of supporting him; finding, however, that it was not his master to whom he was rendering this assistance he relinquished his grasp and went to the aid of Davies, his master, supporting him until he was rescued by a passing steamer, the other man being drowned.

The pig finds a living in his pen and so does the editor. The similarity, however, ceases at this point.—[The Drummer.]

## About American Widows.

Samuel Weller's admonition to "Beware, Sammy, of vidders," is not now more potent than it was on his own hopeful. So many ladies find the black veil and dress, with the widow's frill, so becoming that they wear the "weeds" long after the allotted period of mourning, and there are instances where the sable attire is adopted from fancy.

The modern boarding-house is the paradise of the widow, and no boarding-house is complete without one. There is the rich widow—aged, the relic of an aged husband with whom she toiled in early life up the hill of time; young, having been left by an old husband who did not marry until late in life, when he had made his fortune. There is the demure young widow, who ekes out a living by fancy work or teaching. There is the young widow who is accompanied by her mother. The poor young widow generally has one or two small children.

Between the married flirts and the widows, the young Miss has to make a bold fight, because she has to offset their experience with her youthful freshness; and they can often, with the aid of dress or cosmetics, produce effects equal to her own, while she can only acquire their tact and skill by time and practice.

Every community has its rich widow who succeeded to an immense estate which she manages with a skill worthy of her late liege lord. The rich widow is generally fair, fat and forty, while the poor young widow, who is her rival, is pretty and demure. The youthful beaux first make a desperate onslaught on the last named, who repulse them because of the unsatisfactory condition of their exchequer. Then they fly to the rich old lady, one of them generally succeeding in winning her, her rival finally wedding some bald, insipid old Crepus.

In this city a careful statistician attached to the Health Board estimates there are at present 250,000 widows in this country, 50,000 of whom are independent; 50,000 of whom live on elegant incomes; 50,000 of whom are supported by their own or their late husband's family or relatives; the remaining 100,000 earning their own living.

That the widows of wealthy men are not always well provided for, a recent case in the courts furnishes evidence. The widow and daughter of no less a man than the late Jesse Hoyt are suing for an increased allowance, claiming that the income afforded them under a trust is not sufficient.

Among the richest widows may be mentioned Mrs. W. K. Garrison, Mrs. Marshall O. Roberts, Mrs. A. T. Stewart and Mrs. Paron Stevens, both of whom have been reported several times to be again contemplating matrimony. Dame Rumor had it at one time that President Arthur would lead Mrs. Roberts to the hymeneal altar, but nothing has ever come of it. Mrs. Stevens has been reported to be engaged to several gentlemen, but she remains true to the memory of the late lamented. Mrs. Stevens is probably the richest widow in this part of the country; there is one richer in California, the relic of one of the bonanza kings. Mrs. A. T. Stewart's age protects her from the rumor of matrimonial intentions. Mrs. E. D. Morgan is a rich widow.

When the widow has a marriageable daughter there is often the same contest between the two that there is between two sisters. While the more experienced woman often carries off the prize as often as the youthful daughter triumphs. The latest case is that of a rich young widow living in the fashionable locality of Beacon street, Boston. She submitted from abroad a sweetheart of her youth, whom she had discarded because he was poor, but the gentleman found the daughter more attractive, made love to her and finally married her. An incident the reverse of this agitated fashionable circles in Harlem not long since. The suitor of a daughter whom he met abroad traveling with some friends, and whom he accompanied home to prosecute his suit here, transferred his affections to the mother. It is rarely that the affections of the widow are trifled with, and it is rarely that a widow figures as principal in a breach of promise suit.—[N. Y. Morning Journal.]

"Pa, is it right to call a man born in Poland a Pole?" "Of course, my child." "Well then, if a man is born in Holland, is he a Pole?" "Tut, tut! I'll answer no more of your silly questions."

## Brushing Up Reporting.

"Do you need a reporter?" inquired a long, lean, lank youth, as he entered the sanctum, and formed rings of smoke from his cigarette. "You see I am a genius, I am. Got a new idea; bound to make your paper sell. Engage me and your circulation will double in a week."

"Our staff is full," suggested the editor.

"Ah! yes, saw two of 'em full around the corner just now. That's a joke," he yelled, gazing at the impenetrable face of the editor. "But to business. I've a new idea. You see this cast-iron way of reporting is played out."

"Oh! is it?" ventured the editor. "To be sure. The public wants something new and original; something that will strike home. Now, here," he said, unfolding a copy of the paper, "here's an account of an accident to a little child. Just read it. See how dull it is. Probably a thousand accidents have been described in that way, and the public scarcely deign to glance it over. If I was given such an accident to write up, I'd just throw myself. Now just see how I'd improve it. Do you think I would say, as this does—"

"A little child of Joshua Squills was run over by an ash cart yesterday and is not expected to recover." "No, sir. Now you just listen to this: "It is our mournful duty to record a terrible accident, by which a sweet young life is probably crushed out of existence. Yesterday one of the many offspring of our esteemed fellow-citizen, Joshua Squills, Esq., a regular subscriber to this journal, was precipitated to the roadway by a passing vehicle which is used in the transmission of refuse coal, and sustained injuries which were beyond the control of the most eminent physicians. The dear infant, it is feared, will soon be climbing the golden stairs. For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

"Now, there's an article which would cause a sensation. Let me give you another example—"

"Do you prefer the elevator or the stairway?" queried the editor, as he arose.

"Good morning!" yelled the interesting youth. "Don't trouble yourself; the stairway is good enough for me." And he made a rush for the door, but not in time to escape the projected boot.

At 10 o'clock on Thursday evening an omnibus was rumbling down Fifth avenue. A handsome young lady, modestly attired, sat near the door. As the vehicle passed the Hotel Brunswick a man with a white hat, diamond studs and gray side whiskers caught sight of the pretty face. He entered the omnibus and sat down at the side of the young lady. After paying his fare he hummed "Sweet Violets" and tried to attract her attention. Wrapt in her own contemplations, she gazed at the stately residences on the avenue, unmindful of her surroundings. Suddenly she felt the tips of his gray whiskers on her cheek. "Are you cold, Miss?" the owner said.

"O, no," was the modest reply. "Are you cold?" "Certainly not," the man replied. "But why do you ask?" "Because you evidently want them warmed," she answered.

The only other occupant of the stage laughed outright at the cutting retort. The gray-bearded man flushed and pulled the strap. He got out in some haste, and the stage rumbled onward, while the young lady resumed her contemplations.—[New York Sun.]

The heaviest rail used in this country does not exceed 72 pounds per yard, the average being 60 pounds per yard, or 94 tons per mile, while the best English roads use a double-headed rail weighing 80 pounds per yard. Allowing an average face to face crook of 9 inches and 3,000 ties per mile, we have a wood-bearing surface of 2,250 lineal feet per mile of track. The English roads, with a heavier rail, have a much less number of crooks. A rail weighing 80 pounds per yard equals 125.7 tons per mile and with crooks of 9 inches face (average) and ten to each rail length, the English track has a wood-bearing surface of 1,432 lineal feet, about 32 per cent. less than our own roads. This is what we shall eventually come to in America—a heavier rail and less wood on our roadbeds. We think that it is not safe to use a soft wood tie, such as white oak or hackberry, save upon tenuous and then oak ties should be used at the rail joints, with only the best oak ties upon curves.—[Iron Age.]

## The Hotel of the Future.

The following is the translation of an article in a Berlin paper which will convey an idea of the German estimates of the coming American hotel: "The latest American progress in building will be the 'mammoth hotel,' soon to be erected in Chicago. The enormous hotel is to have a frontage of three English miles long, and a depth of six miles; the height of 77 stories, will measure 3,480 feet from the ground floor to the roof. The hotel will have no stairs, but five hundred balloons will always be ready to take visitors up to their rooms. No room waiters are to be employed, but visitors will be served by a newly patented automatic, put up in every bed room, who will do all shaving, shampooing, etc., to the guests by a very simple and ingenious mechanism. Supposing the guest requires hot water, the automatic will be able to call down stairs: 'A bucket of water up to room number one million three thousand one hundred and seven,' and the water will be up in seven seconds by a patented elevator. Half an hour before table d'hôte, instead of the ringing of bells, a gun (twenty-five pounder) will be fired on each floor to call the guests to get ready for their meals. The tables in the dining rooms will be measured four miles each, attendance to be performed by twelve waiters on horseback, on either side of the table. Music during table d'hôte will be played—gratis—by eight bands of seventy-seven men each. For the convenience of visitors a railway will be built on each floor as well as telegraph offices. The price of one bed room will be from one dollar to ten dollars. The cost of this building is estimated to be \$680,000,000. The billiard room will contain nine hundred American, ninety-nine French and one English table, and most of the visitors expected to be Americans, the billiard room will be fitted out with a spittoon of one hundred feet in circumference."

## Results of an Accident.

As with many valuable discoveries, the process of rolling cold iron was discovered to an accident, which is thus related: "A foundryman, a workman at the rolls, neglected to take his tongue from a bar of heated iron in time, and they were carried through the rolls. Much to his surprise the tongue instead of being broken in passing through the rolls, were reduced to the same gauge as the heated bar, and shone like steel. The workman called the attention of the superintendent to what he thought was merely a 'funny' circumstance; but the superintendent jumped at the conclusion that if it were possible to roll cold iron once, it could be done again. He commenced to experiment and had not gone far before he discovered that cold iron was in every respect the equal of steel for shafting purposes and in some respects it is superior, as it is more easily turned to any desired size than steel. Other discoveries followed this, and the process for rolling cold iron was patented. The man who allowed his tongue to go through the rolls, was suitably rewarded, and the persons who followed up and placed his discovery on the market, have made millions."

A Washington paper sketches a gentleman as one may say to the life, though he is gone. Col. Johnson is dead. He was a fine specimen of a type. Good family, good society, ample means, with well-filled stables and foxes in the woods, he lived a charming life. But applejack got the better of him. Next the Captain lost his property. The loss sobered him. In his old age he worked out the puzzles in the children's newspapers. Now he is dead.

In several States there are laws against selling liquor to common drunkards. The method of posting up, in conspicuous places a list of all drunkards in the town has worked wonders in several communities. A man has to pretty far gone to desire to see his name posted in such a list.

The enterprising Georgia girl who raised four acres of onions and sent lots of them as presents to her rivals, but carefully avoided touching them herself, has won and will soon marry the young man that all the girls in her section were after.—[Philadelphia News.]

The object of the English syndicate who are purchasing Confederate bonds is said to be for possession of funds deposited in European banks by the Confederate government.

J. H. Brocken, Louisville, says: "I have been suffering from liver complaint; the best remedy I have ever used is Brown's Iron Bitters."

## Lilliputian Lovers.

A novel wedding will take place on the evening of the 28th inst. at the Buckingham Theatre, Louisville. The contracting parties are Mr. John Smeitz, better known as "Major Mike," and Miss Mary Lail, two of the smallest people in the world. The Major is 42 inches in height, while Miss Mary is but 31 inches. They claim to be the smallest people in the world. The Major says that Tom Thumb was almost a head taller than him, while Miss Mary says that Minnie Warren overtopped her by half a head. The Major was born in Moscow, Russia, in 1853, and has only been in America about ten years. In 1876 he traveled with Barnum for a short time. His intended bride was born at Mocksville, North Carolina, in 1850, and is consequently three years older than the Major. She has been on the road for seventeen years, and she has traveled the world over. Last winter the Lilliputians met in Pittsburg, and they concluded to exhibit themselves jointly. They had no difficulty in securing an engagement and they finally drifted toward Louisville. They were immediately engaged by John Whalen for his museum. Sly old John conceived the idea of them being made man and wife, and when they both consented to take each other for better or worse, it was determined to have them married on the stage at the Buckingham, in the presence of the entire audience.

An ingenious farmer, sticking a few nails into a clothes line to keep his neighbor's cattle out of his pasture, went about his other business, thinking no more of the matter. A sharp fellow came along, saw the rope and began to think about it. He evolved the "barbed wire" fence, and the very farmer from whom the fellow got the idea has to pay him a tribute for an article which he himself originally designed. And the income of the monopoly is estimated at \$100,000 per month.

A Philadelphia shoe dealer gives customers their photographs, and a dentist loans teeth on trial. Business is becoming demoralized. It was the tea-store chromo that started it all. The men's furnishing store man who doesn't give a diamond stud with each shirt can't sell nowadays. The grocer must give a full tea set with each pound of catnip and peach leaves, or the day is cold for him.

When the minister is pretty severe upon human shortcomings in the pulpit, every man leans back in his pew, smiles, and says to himself, "Now he's giving it to 'em." Satisfying thought, isn't it, that the minister always has reference to somebody else?

"Yes," said the Vermont deacon, "I always go down to camp meeting, and always come back feeling good. Do you see that magnificent horse there in the field? Well, you ought to have seen the old plug I took down there!"

A new convert wished very much to be baptized by one minister and to join the church of another. She went to the first and asked if it could be done. "Yes," replied the pastor, "I could do it, but I don't take in washing."

It is a question if a summer vacation is of any practical benefit to a clergyman. In three months a congregation can lose an amount of piety that a hard winter's work will scarcely recover.

A man never prides himself on the smallness of his wife's feet when she has got them planted in his spine and is prying him out of bed to build the fire.—[Fall River Advance.]

There are 56 shops for the sale of horse-flesh as food in Paris, France.

Every young doctor will get on if he only has patients.

The best thing to give to the poor—employment.

No matter how jaded the constitution may be from disease or excess, the Great German Navigator restores it permanently. See advertisement. For sale by Penny & McAlister.

## PILES! PILES! PILES!

Dr. Deming's New Discovery for Piles is a radical change from the old remedial treatment in use. The discovery is the result of years of patient scientific study and investigation into the character of this painful disease. To convince you of its great merit, call on Penny & McAlister, Stanford, or W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

George W. Ribelin, of Blue Mound, Ill., writes that Brown's Expectorant cured him of a severe cold after everything else had failed. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

Who can estimate the amount of human suffering caused by only a bad cough? And who the number of lives undermined and lost by neglecting such a cough? Brown's Expectorant will cure colds if given a chance. Price, fifty cents. For sale by Penny & McAlister, Stanford, and W. M. Weber, Mt. Vernon.

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Nice lot of Horses and Fine Turnouts. Rates reasonable.

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Is wanted by me. I will pay the highest market price. I also deal in

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And can supply it in any quantity.

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## AT AND BELOW

COST!

We will sell you anything in Summer Clothing, Hats, Boots and Shoes at and below cost to reduce stock.

Don't Forget These Prices!

Suits, now \$5, \$7, \$9, \$10, \$12.50

was 7, 10, 12, 14, 17.50

Shoes, now 75c, 1, 1.50, 2,

was \$1, 1.50 2, 2.75

Slippers, 50c, 75c, 1, 1.25

was 1.00, 1.25, 1.50, 2

Children's Shoes and Slippers accordingly.

BRUCE, WARREN & CO.

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The Interior Journal Steam Printing Office does all kinds of Job Work neatly and cheaply. Try us.

W. P. Walton, Prop'r.

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Students received every week day of the year. Summer session now open for receiving students. Regular Fall Session, Sept. 10, 1883. The college is a graduate school of the time and expense of any similar college in America. Faculty 1200 (seventeen) graduates of the college, and the highest authorities of America, attend the university of its courses of study and training, or being thorough, practical and complete, embracing Book Binding, Business Administration, Commercial Law, Kentucky Jurisprudence, Penmanship, etc. Time required to complete the full diploma (degree) course from 2 to 3 months. Total cost, including Tuition, Books, Stationery, and Board in a good private family, about \$10. Students of the College are entitled to the same college of the University, under its professors, for one year free of charge. When 2 or more enter together, a reduction of 25 per cent. will be made. Great advantages from 3 years and 3 months. Considerable scholarships and bursaries are given. The Department of Telegraphy is a specialty. For full particulars, address

WILBUR B. SMITH, Pres't, Lexington, Ky.



We spent about four hours in the Great Southern Exposition grounds at Louisville Monday evening, and although we were walking the whole time we didn't begin to see half of the vast display. Its immensity is almost appalling. Nothing equal to it has ever been seen in the South, and in the North only at the Centennial. The main building is one of the largest in the world and the grounds comprise fifteen acres, including Central Park, a delightful place of itself to spend an evening. The Art Gallery is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and hours can be profitably spent in examining the wonderful display of the artists' power. It was brilliantly lighted up with hundreds of electric lights when we visited it and the effect was almost indescribable. The whole thing was presented to us by the good brother of the Commercial and we shall proceed to claim our property after the hundred days exhibition is over. Our advice to every body is: Don't fail to visit the Great Exposition. It will teach you more about the development and enterprise of our common country than can be gained in any other way and the lesson will be lastingly impressed.

JOHNIE McLEAN, the Enguiner man, seems to be having things his own way in Ohio now. He manipulates conventions to suit himself and the politician who crosses his path is doomed for life. He has about succeeded in killing off Senator Pendleton and it is said, he will slaughter Hoadley unless he will give up all connection with the *News Journal*, of which he is part owner and one of the directors, and assist him in the work of rooting out the hated rival altogether. McLean is a boss of the meanest character and a party which allows such a man to rule over it, must and ought to suffer defeat.

THE little repudiating cuss from Virginia, Mahone, has announced himself for Arthur for president and his Me Too Riddlebarger echoes, "Yes, we are for Arthur because Arthur is for us." It begins to look however, that Arthur will wish before many moons wax and wane that he had steered clear of these little varnishes. All decent republicans in the State are opposed to Mahone and humiliated at Arthur's apparent taking up with them.

ELECTRICITY is doing good work at the Great Southern Exposition. It not only lights up the buildings and grounds and supplies the current for the telegraph and telephone, but runs an engine and a train of cars around a track nearly a half a mile in circumference. The latter is the longest track of the kind in the world and for ten cents you can say you have ridden on the first railway of the kind ever operated in the U. S.

THE proposition of the Hopkinsville Kentuckian to make the day of Proctor Knott's inauguration one of thankfulness and prayer, for the exit of Gov. Blackburn meets the hearty approval of the *INTERIOR JOURNAL*. The editor of that sheet doubtless rejoices that the chance of his being assassinated and his murderer instantly pardoned is to end with the inauguration of Knott. —[Lex. Transcript.]

IF Gov. Knott wants to do a really clever thing, and at the same time gratify a very large percentage of the people of the State, he will retain Col. C. E. Bowman as Commissioner of Agriculture. The people of this section would be particularly pleased for they know him to be a faithful, diligent and an enterprising man, fully in harmony with the agricultural interests of the State.

MR. KNOTT has neither by word nor sign intimated that the big display that is being prepared for his inauguration is adverse to his feelings, because of its uselessness and costliness. We had hoped that he would, as we want him to begin right and stick to it through his administration.

EDITOR W. H. MUMFELL, of the Louisville Democrat is being urged by his friends for Secretary of State under Gov. Knott. He is a faithful democrat, has done good work for the party and would make a most capable and excellent officer.

BLACKBURN said to a reporter: "You may say one thing, I intend to pardon every one in the penitentiary who I believe deserves executive clemency," and has the money to pay for the favor, he should have added.

ONE week from next Tuesday, Kentucky will bid farewell to every fear and wipe her weeping eyes. Why? Blackburn retires to his level among gamblers and cut throats on that day.

THE Lower House of the Georgia Legislature has very foolishly adopted a resolution instructing its members of Congress to vote for Postal Telegraph Service. It would be just as well to have the government manage the railroads as the telegraph and if one is adopted we shall hear of the other being urged in a short time. The administration has too much power already without giving it another army of 25,000 to use for political purposes.

THERE seems to be hardly a shadow of a doubt that Stanley Matthews' position was not purchased by Jay Gould & Co. for \$100,000 paid into the republican corruption fund in '80. We therefore suggest that if Matthews knew of the bargain and sale before he accepted the office of Supreme Judge, he ought to be impeached and if he did not know it then but knows it now, he ought to resign.

MISSOURI husbands are economical, and Missouri murderers are cheap. We are led to this presumption from the fact that at Hannbridge, in that State a husband hired two men for the small sum of one dollar and fifty cents to murder his wife. They fulfilled their transaction, but fortunately have been discovered and lynched.

A. L. the returns are in save those of Martin county, whose clerk ought to be taken out and kicked to death for his slothfulness, and Proctor Knott's majority is a little over 44,500. Perhaps we shall hear from Martin some time during the coming fall.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Col. Chas. A. Gill, prosecuting attorney of Louisville, is dead.

—Walden & Wood, boot and shoe dealers, Bowling Green, have made an assignment. Liabilities \$15,000.

—At Knoxville, Tenn., John McClain and his hired man, Geo. Gains, were suffocated while digging a well.

—A young Kentuckian named Vener, from Webster county, was robbed and brutally murdered at Mt. Vernon, Ind.

—Dr. Butler, son of Senator Butler, of South Carolina, was thrown from his horse while riding with a young lady and fatally injured.

—The French have had another victory in Tonquin. They captured one hundred and fifty cannon and \$50,000 in Annamite currency.

—Wester Thomas, of the Somerset Republicans, gets a store-keeper's place. It is not so lucrative as the P. O., but it will do for the present.

—At Athens, Ga., Mrs. Fowler and her four-year-old daughter were killed by a bolt of lightning. An infant in its mother's arms was unharmed.

—The sum of \$931,600, bequeathed by J. B. Gardner, of Boston, to help pay the National debt, was Wednesday received at the Treasury Department and placed to the credit of patriotic donations.

—Rocheater, Minn., was visited by a cyclone Wednesday which demolished one-third of the city, killed 21 persons and wounded 50 or more. A train of cars was blown from the track and a score or more people were killed.

—George Meche, sent to the penitentiary from Hardin county in 1879 for 21 years for murder, was pardoned by Gov. Blackburn. He however refused to pardon Steele, the murderer of W. G. Welch, in Woodford, which we publish to his credit.

—Kirtland M. Fitch, the defaulting cashier of the Second National Bank, in Warren, O., has given himself up to the police in Boston. He says it is true, as charged, that he embezzled \$40,000 from the funds of the bank, and lost it all in stock speculations in New York.

—There is a talk of consolidating the Postal, American Rapid, Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Companies, with the expectation of forming a formidable rival of the Western Union. Some say the Western Union will prefer to gobble the lot to one lump to taking them in separately.

—Heri C. Schleble and Josie Stupp, young people from Dayton, who were on the downward road, were found dead in a room on George street, Cincinnati. Schleble had shot the girl through the head and then buried a ball in his own brain. He left a letter to the Coroner, asking that their bodies be sent to their parents in Dayton, giving the address of each.

—A locomotive on the Elizabethtown Railway was thrown from the track by running over a cow, and Engineer Higgins fell under the boiler, where he was enveloped in scalding steam. "Leave me," he cried to the men who were trying to pull him out, "and flag No. 7 right away." This was done and a terrible wreck prevented, while the brave engineer was being burned to death.

—The engineer of the Florida Ship Canal Company has reported that a tidalwater canal, capable of allowing two sea-going ships of the first-class to pass, can be constructed for \$40,000,000. Such a canal will shorten the distance between New Orleans and New York 500 miles, between New Orleans and Liverpool 412 miles, and between Pensacola and New York 600 miles. Work is to begin in three months.

—M. Grallen, an emigrant of Paris, while preparing for an ascension, was suddenly jerked into the air by the balloon, which had broken loose, and carried at a great height for four miles, his only support being a cord that had wrapped itself around two fingers of his right hand. The cord cut through the flesh, causing excruciating agony. When the balloon finally landed it was in a branched patch, and Grallen was dragged some distance through the thorny brush. His clothes were torn off and his body badly scratched.

—MT. VERNON DEPARTMENT.  
Managed by John B. Fish.

—Go to J. L. Whitehead's for fruit 21.

—HAVE YOUR HOSE.—J. L. Whitehead has the remedy.—Dr. Hans Hog Cholera Preventive. 21.

This week has been the driest and hottest of the year.

—FRANK MARL at the "New" Flat Mills' Churn grinding say days in the week. Jas. Marat.

—A foreman by the name of Smith, on Talber's works was killed by a negro Wednesday night. The circumstances were such as to justify the darkey in doing the deed.

—The venue of the famous case of (Trundy vs. C. Crook, has again been changed. This time it goes to the Doyle Circuit Court. This case has been in nearly every county in the district.

—More business has been transacted this court than for any term for a long time. Nearly all the business is up. Judge (Casper) has done more work than was thought possible for any man to do.

—All persons indebted to me are requested to call and settle their accounts by the first of September or they will be placed in the hands of a collecting officer. I mean business. F. L. Thompson.

—Mr. Jas. Marat, our efficient Depot Agent at this place has been stationed at Oak Orchard for a few days in place of Mr. Stevens, removed. W. J. Newcomb has been running the office at this place.

—The Court granted a change of venue in the case of the Commonwealth vs. Wm. Dunneagan to Laurel, where there are two other cases of the same character, from this county. Is Laurel a refuge for all evil doers?

—A man named U. Clark, attempted to break into a house at the Slacks of Roundstone, and was shot in the back. He was brought to town and his wound examined. It was found to be not very serious, and he was placed in jail, indicted, and his trial set for to-day.

—Miss Zula Williams has returned from Louisville. Miss Clio Williams is home again after an absence of several weeks, visiting in Lancaster and Paris. Judge W. H. Randall, of London, and A. R. Burman, of Richmond, were attending court this week. Willis Adams, Sr. and Willis Adams, Jr., of Paint Lick, were in town attending court.

—John W. Marlor, a person of questionable character, who made himself famous by a card in the *Mountain Echo* of last week, in which he attacks our correspondent pretty severely, happening to get on the grand jury at this term of court by some means, indicted Jack Adams, Jr., for carrying concealed upon his person a pistol on the 6th day of Aug '93; election day in the trial of the case it was proven by several witnesses for the defendant that no pistol was drawn by Jack Adams on that occasion, nor was an attempt made to draw one on his part. A number of witnesses swore they wouldn't believe said Marlor on oath. This is why I don't answer him.

—Go to J. L. Whitehead's for your school books, inks, paper, pencils and all school supplies, which you can get at the lowest prices. He also has on sale daily and weekly papers, leading periodicals, and the works of the principal writers of Fiction and Poetry. If he hasn't got what you want he will get it for you—in fact any book published in the United States furnished at publishers' prices. Fresh drugs and medicines, tobacco and cigars, canned fruits and groceries. He also keeps a good supply of paints, oils, soaps, perfumes, clocks, watches, jewelry and notions too numerous to mention. Go see for yourself, and be convinced that no one can undersell him. Orders filled by mail free of postage. Address, J. L. Whitehead, Mt. Vernon or Williamsburg, Kentucky. 1-m

BEYOND THE OCEAN'S WAVE  
"PRAISE THE LORD"

SOLSMITH HOUSE,  
HIGHGATE, LONDON, Aug. 8, '93

Dear Interior:

We have just unpacked our trunks and taken formal possession of this stately mansion, vacated yesterday evening by our dear friends, the Bartletts, and placed at our disposal until their return in September. We have a strange feeling of expansion in the change from our comfortable, but comparatively narrow accommodations in Shackwell Lane; for this is a grand mansion, many-roomed and with sitting and dining apartments 18x25 and 21x25 respectively. We occupy 3 airy bed-rooms of commodious dimensions, the one in which I am writing this overlooking the great city, with the Houses of Parliament in the far background and the dome of St. Paul's looming up through the "dim mist" to the right. With a glass we can read the time of day on the great clock tower, where "Big Ben" the famous monster bell, sounds out the accurate time for all London. Coleridge wrote his "Ancient Mariner" next door and will can see from his bed-room window the poet's favorite balcony where he loved to sit and read, while the wind gently stirred the leaves of the great plane tree in the rear garden, beyond which he too could get the view of London that I am catching between these lines as I lift my eyes to enjoy it. Highgate gave us a reception moist as Scotland, for we landed in a brisk rain and at intervals a driving storm hides houses, steeples, every thing, from view.

Our friends leave their corps of servants at our disposal also, and the neatly-attired young women in white caps, who bid us welcome on our arrival and soon spread an appetizing lunch in the great dining-room, gave us such a practical sense of the luxurious quarters we were to occupy for a month, as to almost astound. We began life in Highgate with a loving and fervent thanksgiving to the dear LORD for "His tender mercies"—a word that "exactly describes what I wish to write about it all. Praise Him forever and for every thing. Here then at a refreshing altitude equal to the tip of St. Paul's high dome, our dear Master has furnished this delightful retreat for His happy children—servants, while they do the work He has called them to. That service lies at present in the borough of Hackney, in a great thoroughfare known as Marsa street, at a point called the "Triangle," in a church named Trinity. The latter is a handsome gothic structure, seating about 800 and holding 1,000, originally built by an Episcopal clergyman of high-church proclivities, who finally gave such offense for introducing some-

thing like a professional into his service, that he became unpopular and there being a heavy mortgage on the house and the funds failing, the whole affair fell into a bankrupt condition and finally at a low price into the hands of a wealthy lady in Mr. Spurgeon's church, who devoted it to mission purposes; not a Baptist mission, either, for the present incumbent preaches in a gown, and in, I think, a Congregationalist minister, as well as a devoted proclaimer of an uncommonly pure gospel, besides practicing anointing with oil in conjunction with prayer for the healing of the sick. He uses a compound prepared according to the divine formula given to Aaron and his sons, thinking that a part of the prescribed ritual retained by God; but otherwise holds with all the rest of us, who believe that Jesus will heal both as well as cure had souls—the only requirement in either case being hadness combined with a willing mind and open confession of the blessed name of Jesus. At present the good brother, Rev. John Allen by name, is at the sea-side for a month's recuperation and has generously placed his church at our disposal for ten days' services, or longer, if the LORD should open the way by marked blessing on our ministry of sermon and song. I find this field is not a neglected one, nor a very desolate one, as I at first supposed, but has long been fully occupied by various sects and the people rather preacher-hardened than strangers to evangelistic efforts. I think, therefore that our work will be among christians at first, but hope the outsiders may be induced to give us a hearing, in part, at least. Sunday was our first day at the Triangle and a very encouraging beginning. Three services and 3, 6 and 21 confessions respectively gave first fruits of a very promising character. Monday night 4 more and last night 3, with good congregations considering that Monday was the regular midsummer "Bank Holiday," which was a justification for all England and a frame of mind rather unpropitious for religious services. It was very like the Easter and Whitenside holidays—all London on the go for such pleasures each could find and pay for; trains and trams crowded to suffocation; all places of resort a jam; every thing on wheels and every draft creature in great demand; drinking, carousing, singing, love-making, rambling in fields, boating, riding, cricketing, kite flying and what not; all going on in a thoroughly enjoyable way, with very little drunkenness visible and every body careless of what every body else did or thought and only intent on having a good time regardless of etiquette and appearances. We notice this is ever the chief characteristic of British holidays—such a better sense than with us, where coarse riotousness gains enjoyment so often and the horrid pistol or gleaming knife so often turn merry-making into bloodshed. The worst one meets with in a British crowd is a little unceremonious elbowing and a little coarse talk now and then between parties who pay little respect to "ears polite." The courtesy to ladies every where shown in America, one misses here and again, but the feeling of safety and security one does not experience on a holiday at home, more than compensates for occasional rudeness. Give me the place evermore where men do not use deadly weapons to adjust differences. How gladly would I see this real blot upon our Southern society, especially, removed forever! But I am getting a little despondent about it. Nothing but the blessed millennium will root out the evil.

Be not wroth with me, Oh, my dear people, if I tell you of some things in which you are far behind the times as you are in advantage on so many points. Britain is better off in this respect, despite her antiquated ways and trifling habits, treasured from "the fathers," and it is more than a compensation for a score of things in which our free country has left us far in the rear.

(Continued in next issue.)

LANCASTER ADVERTISEMENTS.

B. F. WALTER, SURGEON DENTIST, LANCASTER, KY.

Office over Citizens National Bank. Office hours from 9 to 12 A. M. and from 1 to 5 P. M.

SAM M. BURDETT, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Will practice in Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals. [131-132]

H. C. KAUFFMAN, ATTORNEY AT LAW, LANCASTER, KY.

Master Commissioner Circuit Court. Will practice in all the Courts of Circuit and adjoining counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Landreth's Garden Seeds

In Bulk, and the Nicest Line of

FURNITURE

In Lancaster at the

"ENTERPRISE GROCERY,"

LANCASTER, KY.

GEO. D. BURDETT & CO.,

Proprietors.

T. R. WALTON,  
(SUCCESSOR TO W. T. GREEN)  
Opp. Court House  
STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

I have bought Mr. Green's stock of goods and will continue business at the same stand. I earnestly solicit a continuance of the patronage of those who have patronized him, and of the public generally, feeling confident that I can make it to their interest. My stock is not entirely full now, but will be within a few days, when I will be happy to wait on any one needing any thing in the grocery line. Country produce wanted.

## Furniture.

I have the latest and best line of Furniture of every description ever exhibited in Kentucky, and as low as similar goods can be bought in the city, a fact also verifiable by actual demonstration. I also keep on hand a full line of

Undertakers' Goods!

And am ready to serve funerals promptly with a nice, new hearse.

Orders by Telegraph Promptly Attended to.

B. K. WEAREN.

172-Mgms.

## T. J. HOSLEY,

House Painter & Paper Hanger

170-2m STANFORD, KY.

Farm For Sale!

Adjoining the town of Breathittville, Madison county, Ky., containing 110 Acres of well improved land, good two-story dwelling and all necessary outbuildings, good well, orchard and plenty of shrubbery, large yard around the house. Also 12½ Acres of timber land, 7½ miles from Breathittville, which I will sell very cheap. Call on at address.

H. F. FOLEY, Breathittville, Ky.

## W. H. HIGGINS,

DEALER IN—

Hardware, Horse Shoes, Groceries, Saddles, Iron, Nails, Queensware, Buggy Whips, Buggy Wheels, Stoves, Cane Mills, Harness, Spokes, Grates, Elder Mills, Lap Covers, Rims, Stoneware, Corn Shellers, Collars,

Oliver Chilled, Champion Steel and Brinley Combined Plows, Wooden and Cast Pumps, and the Celebrated Mayfield Elevator. Tin Roofing and Gutting will have prompt attention

Kalamazoo, T. N. Johnson, W. H. McKimsey.

H. C. BRIGHT. V. J. CURRAN.

## BRIGHT &amp; CURRAN,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers In—

GROCERIES AND HARDWARE,

QUEENSWARE, &c.

We run two houses, carry the Largest Stock in town; pay cash for our goods, which enables us to sell you cheaper than any one. All we ask is a trial.

BRIGHT & CURRAN.

## PREPARE!

—BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, FOR—

## FALL SEEDING!

And be sure you examine, before purchasing, our line of Seeding Implements, as follows:

The Baker Spring Hoe Grain Drill,

The Trump Grain Drill with Spring Seat,

The Buckeye Spring Shoe Grain Drill,

The Star One-horse Grain Drill,

The Albion Spring Sulky Harrow and Broadcast Seeder,

The Kalamazoo Spring Tooth Sulky Harrow and Broadcast Seeder,

The Moline Sulkey Plow, The Cassedy Sulky Plow.

This line of Implements cannot be excelled.

Also remember we make a Specialty of Fish Brothers Wagons, Webster Wagons and Columbus Buggies and Carriages, of which my stock is always full and complete.

GEO. D. WEAREN.



## LOCAL TIME CARD.

Mail train goes North 1:00 p. m.  
Express train goes South 1:00 p. m.  
Express train goes North 2:30 a. m.

## LOCAL NOTICES.

**DRY PAINTS OF PENNY & McALLISTER.**  
New stock of birthday cards at Penny & McAllister's.  
STANDARD ready mixed paints at McAllister & McAllister's.  
See HALL'S Hog Cholera Cure. Penny & McAllister sole agents.

**WATCHES, CLOCKS AND JEWELRY** repaired and warranted by Penny & McAllister.  
GIVEN up that McAllister & McAllister's is the best place to go for watches, clocks and jewelry. Also extra trained hand at McAllister & McAllister's.

## PERSONAL.

—JON HAYDEN has the malarial fever.  
—Miss ALICE HAZLEY went to Louisville, Wednesday, to see her sick sister.  
—Miss P. P. NUNNELLY has returned from a visit to relatives in Clark and Fayette.

—MR. AND MRS. H. B. CAMMITT, of Covington, are the guests of Mrs. J. W. Bailey.

—MR. JOHN M. PELAND has returned to Valparaiso College where he is studying medicine.

—Miss ANN COOK, of Hustonville, was here this week looking brighter and prettier than ever.

—Mrs. GUS WILSON, who has been spending a month or two with Mrs. H. C. Truheart, left for her home yesterday.

—MR. AND MRS. W. S. KNOTT are spending a few weeks at Halls Spring, Lincoln county. [Lancaster Standard.]

—MR. AND MRS. JOHN M. McKEOWN have returned from a visit to their daughter, Mrs. Mount, at La Grange and to the Louisville Exposition.

—MR. W. H. McCLINTOCK, Sup. of the Road Department of the L. & N. and family, of Louisville, are enjoying the good things at the Myers Hotel.

—Miss MARY MANDOW, of Lawrenceburg, who is visiting Miss Sara Huffman, at Lancaster, was here Wednesday with the latest in search of her wardrobe.

—Miss ELIZA V. HOGAN, of Bryantville, is visiting her grandma, Miss Ham Hargraves. Miss Mary Hogan, who has also been visiting her, has returned home.

—WALTER has been over to see the Exposition, and the Commercial says has gone home with the art department. "What art can this melancholy." [Frankfort Yeoman.]

—Miss MARY WINTERFIELD, of Union City, Tenn., and Miss Mattie Hopkins, of Pembroke, Ky., who have been visiting the family of Mr. A. W. Smith, left for their homes this week, taking with them the hearts of several of the young men, who are deeply grieved over their departure.

—DR. E. W. LOHAN and his interesting family left on the L. & N. Express yesterday to make their home in Knoxville, Tenn., to the regret of many friends. The Dr. will make a specialty of the treatment of Catarrhs, for which he has qualified himself in a number of the best Medical Institutions of St. Louis and New York.

## LOCAL MATTERS.

After a glass of ice-cold lemonade at S. S. Myers'.

NEW FALL CALICOES for school girls at Robt. S. Lytle's.

REPRESENTATIVE T. P. HILL, Jr., in for Carriage for Senator.

MEXICAN Palmolive Toilet Soap; something new, at W. H. Higgins'.

HIGHEST market prices paid for butter and eggs. T. R. Walton.

PARTIES needing bean and shipmilk can be supplied by the Lincoln Mills at \$12.00 per ton.

A FEW remnants of calico at 5 cents per yard this week and dress goods at special prices at J. W. Haydon's.

A LITTLE negro named Milt Embury while playing with powder, had his face very badly burned by an explosion.

An excursion train will run to the Junction City Circuit again next Sunday morning, at 25 cents for the round trip from here.

CURE and see our handsome display of Queenware and Glassware. Some very handsome dinner, tea and chamber sets. Bright & Curran.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Having sold out, I wish my customers to come and see my stock without delay. My business must be closed up. W. T. Green.

The drought is becoming serious. The grass is dying up and stock water is getting very scarce. Let the good people unite their prayers for rain.

Mrs. J. W. WALLACE has our thanks for a basket of very fine peaches, grapes and apples of her own raising. She has one of the best little orchards in this section.

FOR SALE.—A splendid family residence in Stanford, Ky.; well located and convenient. Call on J. B. Owsley or W. W. Owsley, Jr., at Farmers National Bank; Extra of A. Owsley, deal.

CHOLERA MORBUS, or sporadic cholera, is prevailing in this county to a very considerable extent, aggravated by the very hot spell of weather. A number of deaths have occurred. People can not be too particular about what they eat.

THE K. C. will run an excursion to Old Point Comfort and Washington, D. C., leaving Covington at 4:30 Sept. 4. Parties from this section can take the afternoon train from Stanford Junction that day and connect with the excursion at Winchester. Fare to Old Point and return \$11; do Washington \$12.50.

THE Walnut Flat meeting has closed with no additions to the church.

TRY the "Oval" patent churn, sold on a guarantee. For sale by Bright & Curran.

FOR SALE.—A handsome residence. Will sell very cheap. W. Craig, Stanford.

THE painter, Mr. T. J. Bosley, is oiling and penciling the Christian church, which helps its looks wonderfully.

My last year's individual business must be closed up, and those indebted to me must come and settle. I mean business. K. P. Owsley.

VACATION is drawing to a close and school days are nearly on us again. The Female College will open on the second Monday in next month.

THE iron fronting is being put in place in the First National Bank building and in Penny & McAllister's and the improvement will be very marked.

This little boy who compared his father to a "hot, better, hotter" was not far wrong if he was talking of the weather. The mercury reached 95° yesterday and the day before.

All accounts of A. Owsley, deceased, and A. Owsley & Son not settled by Sept. 15, will be put into the hands of an officer, as the business must be closed up. Walter W. Owsley, Jr.

ELDER HALLIDAY baptized a man in Madison county this week who claimed that he was 102. It strikes us that it would take pretty strong water to wash away the sin accumulation of so many years.

WE have attention to the large advertisement of T. R. Walton. His new stock is beginning to arrive now and he will soon be able to accommodate all with every thing in his line at the lowest figures.

At a late hour last evening, "Squire J. S. Murphy, who has been at the point of death with the flu, was reported as passing comparatively easy. Since his illness he has been once or twice reported dead. Mr. F. S. Kaufman, at Hustonville, is very low with the cholera morbus.

PUGS candidates for Congress are already spoken of: Judge M. J. Durham, (Gov. J. R. McCreary, Judge M. C. Bauley and Sam M. Burnett, with several of the back counties to hear from. They are good men, all, but for God's sake don't let us start into a canvass 18 months before the election.

THE First National Bank of Elizabethtown, says the News, has been organized with J. W. Hays, president and Joe S. Truheart, cashier. Mr. Truheart was also elected one of the directors, as was also Dr. J. B. Owsley, of this place. The bank will have a capital of \$75,000, a call for 50 per cent. of which has already been made.

THE HIGHER COURTS.—The appealed cases from the Eighth District to the Court of Appeals are set for the 16th day of the Fall term (Oct. 9.) and are as follows: Coffey vs. Ramsey, Wayne; Chamberlain vs. McKinnay, Russell; Lincoln County vs. Hensford, Lincoln; Grigsby vs. Hensford, Lincoln; Robertson vs. Givens, Jones & Co.; Boyle; Birtow, & vs. Hudson, Garrard; Lawson, & vs. Ross, & vs. Garrard; Dickinson, & vs. Beaher, & vs. Garrard; Fish vs. Hunt, Rockcastle.

In the Superior Court the following cases will receive attention on the 6th day, Sept. 12th: Cook vs. Conn, Wayne; Rousseau vs. Flower's adm'r, Russell; Seivers vs. Hays, & vs. Pulaski; Barker vs. Brown, Casey; Polley's adm'r, vs. Bigney, Casey; Jones' adm'r, vs. Hays, Casey; L. & N. R. R. vs. Murphy, Lincoln.

JEMIE BUCKNER AUBIN.—It seems that this beautiful woman can not keep out of scandal, and if the Harrodsburg correspondent of the Louisville Post is to be credited, she is in again deeper than ever.

He says that a nephew of Col. Phil Thompson has been living with him for sometime and that since the Davis murder, Miss Jessie has also resided under his hospitable roof.

The two had got to be pretty tight, so much so that suspicions were aroused and rumors said that Mr. Phil Thompson, Sr., had good reason to believe that something was going on of not a very pleasant nature, and on investigation discovered the infamous Miss Jessie and his nephew in the bath-room, with his arm around her voluptuous form, as an informant said, "a hugging and a kissing her." He remonstrated pretty severely with the icy beauty, and she, it is said, drew a knife on him and threatened to "cut his liver and lights out."

His nephew, so the correspondent learned, was quite as easy also, and Mr. Thompson thereupon requested them both to leave at once. Miss Jessie did leave on Monday, and quite a crowd went to the depot to see her off and witness the parting.

SUDDEN DEATH.—Two weeks ago Wednesday a young printer, who gave his name as Ed. C. Barnett, applied for a situation in this office, and one of our competitors being sick, he was given a case. He worked well till 9 A. M. Monday last, when he began to complain of a pain in his stomach, and went to his hotel. He grew rapidly worse (from the moment) he was taken and as soon as his condition was ascertained Mrs. Peyton and Francis were called. They pronounced the attack cholera morbus and used the usual remedies, but nothing would stay on his stomach, and after about 36 hours of suffering, he died at 8 P. M. on the 22nd. From some letters from his person it was ascertained that he was a son of Mrs. N. J. Lovett, of Sparta, Ky. S. C. Owsley, Jr., at Farmers National Bank; Extra of A. Owsley, deal.

CHOLERA MORBUS, or sporadic cholera, is prevailing in this county to a very considerable extent, aggravated by the very hot spell of weather. A number of deaths have occurred. People can not be too particular about what they eat.

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THE Teachers' Institute.

We are indebted to Judge J. M. Phillips for the following report of the Lincoln County Teachers' Institute, which began its annual session in the Court-House on Tuesday morning at 9 o'clock. After being called to order Mrs. Phillips sang a song and the objects of the meeting were briefly explained by the School Commissioner. Then Prof. Geo. A. Yates, of Covington, who conducted the exercises, opened with a talk on "Reading" and gave the most successful and most approved methods now in use for teaching it. This, together with such questions as were proposed by the teachers, consumed about half the morning session. After this "Grammar" was taken up and discussed in the same manner. These two subjects occupied the whole of the forenoon. On assembling after dinner Mrs. Phillips gave another song. Then Prof. Yates took up "Arithmetic" and "Geography" and explained how these two branches could be most satisfactorily taught and made interesting to children. This concluded the exercises for Tuesday. On Wednesday morning Mrs. Cattie Thurmond and Prof. N. W. Hughes took up "Geography" and in a brief, entertaining manner gave their methods and some of their experience in teaching it. After this "School Government" was discussed by Miss Cattie Thurmond and Mrs. J. C. Moore, Miss Mattie Morgan, Mrs. S. C. Truheart and Prof. Yates. This subject brought out a more general expression of opinion and seemed to drive away the timidity of the teachers more than anything which preceded.

When Miss Morgan gave an account of her late experience in "disciplining" some of her pupils and the trouble which resulted therefrom, she seemed to excite the sympathy of all the teachers present, while at the same time she amused them by the narration. Prof. Yates then opened the discussion on "Spelling and the best methods of teaching it." The teachers were invited generally to tell how they taught it in their schools, but when the spirit did not move any of them to accept the invitation, the Commissioner took up the list containing the names of those present and called upon each one individually, so that none should feel slighted. This brought out most of them and developed the fact that some of them taught it orally only, but that a majority used both oral and written methods. The "Query Box" was then opened and its contents examined. It contained about such questions as are usually found in it, though not so large a number; consequently it was disposed of very soon. Prof. Yates, by request, gave a short explanation of "Percentage and the analytical method of teaching it."

The question of vital importance to teachers was next discussed, "What shall be done to increase teachers' salaries?" Prof. N. W. Hughes thought that their salaries could be increased by co-operation among the members of the profession by forming teachers' associations and by ceasing to underbid each other. Mr. H. L. Blakeman thought teachers could obtain higher salaries by qualifying themselves to teach higher branches. Mr. J. C. Moore thought legislation the proper means and in order to secure this the matter should be agitated and discussed in every school district in the State. Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant sentimentally expressed herself that teachers should make themselves worth more and then they'd be better paid. Her remarks on the subject were most appropriate and eloquent and received, as they deserved, the applause of all present and the unanimous thanks of the Institute.

Prof. Yates after this gave short talks on History Composition, Penmanship and the Infinite. This concluded the instruction and after Prof. Yates and the Commissioner had expressed their thanks to the teachers and others present for their attention and interest, the meeting adjourned sine die.

The following teachers were present: Misses E. V. Poulington, Miss Warren, Cattie Thurmond, David Lewis, Sallie Warren, Kittie Wray, Alice Stuart, Susie L. Buchanan, Lillian Baslin, Eddie Atherton, Blaine Kirkpatrick, Nattie Collins, Kate Hain, Mattie Morgan, Belle Baslin, Maggie Newland, Laura Adams, Mary Newland, Nannie Wall; Mrs. M. J. Hendrick, Mrs. C. McInerney, Mrs. Kate Chadwick, Mrs. Sue Holmes and Mrs. Kittie Kirkpatrick; R. L. Blakeman, Cyrus Young, T. E. Burr, Roy B. Hestley, W. K. Davidson, N. W. Hughes, J. A. Chappell, J. G. Moore, Thos. Benson, W. R. Cook, L. A. Pettus, Marion Thompson, W. C. Perkins, Jas. H. Eason and A. R. McInerney.

The assessment for expenses of the Institute was \$1 on each teacher present holding a certificate from this county. Only 27 paid.

Mrs. S. F. H. Tarrant, Mrs. S. C. Truheart and Miss (Mrs. V. Wilson, though not directly interested in the public schools, were present and took much interest in the proceedings.

The certificates of all those teachers whom the law required to attend, but who did not, are by law forfeited, unless they can satisfy the Commissioner that they had legal excuses for their non-attendance.

MARRIAGES.

—Miss Elsie B. Hughes, daughter of Squire John P. Hughes, was married yesterday to Mr. John M. Jones.

—Yesterday at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Sarah A. Baslin, Mr. George T. Williams and Miss George A. Baslin were made one flesh.

RELIGIOUS.

—Seventy-six new Episcopalians church members, it is said, are being built in Florida.

—Rev. A. C. Taylor closed a meeting at Union Tuesday with 25 converts. [Somerset Reporter.]

—Rev. P. T. Hall, of Danville, will preach at Willow Grove Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

—The annual State Convention of the Christian Church will be held at Cynthiana, beginning next Tuesday, Aug. 28.

—The South District Association which held its session at Texas, in Washington county, this year, will hold its next at Concord a few miles from there.

—Elder Jos. Ballou closed a nine day's meeting at the Glade Church in Madison, Tuesday, with 39 additions. One of the baptized, Mr. Anthony Brannell, said he was 102 years old.

—Rev. H. C. Morrison reports four additions to the church at London as the result of his meeting there last week. A movement in build a house of worship for the Methodist congregation was started and \$750 was raised.

DEATHS.

—Died on the 21st, Cornelia, daughter of A. H. and A. P. Baslin, aged 3 years and two months.

—Of cholera morbus, after a short illness, at Hustonville, on the 21st, Mr. Alex. Williams, aged about 65. He was a brother of Eld. W. L. Williams and an honest, clever and industrious citizen, who was much admired for his many fine traits of character. Besides a wife, he leaves four children. Mrs. Joe Owens, Mrs. John T. (deceased), Mrs. Mary F. Bradley and E. F. Williams, who sorrow at the loss of a kind husband and father. His remains were interred in the Hustonville Cemetery Wednesday afternoon.

LAND, STOCK AND CROP.

—Swope & Owens are shipping bay from McKinney at \$14 per ton.

—H. H. Shanks sold to B. F. Robinson 7 head 835 lbs. cattle at \$3 and 1 bull, 1,215 lbs. at \$2.

—Lee B. Nunneley sold a car-load of 310-pound hogs in Cincinnati this week at \$5.20; equal to about \$4.70 at home.

—James A. Anderson, Lancaster, Ky., has several head of fine graded cows and heifers for sale. Very superior milk stock.

—Jno. D. Lynn sold 9 scrub cattle to J. M. Hall to be weighed in October at \$3 and bought a pair of 3-year-old mules from him at \$160.

—The Nelson County Fair commences at Bardonia, Sept. 4th, and continues four days. Secretary A. B. Carothers has our thanks for favors.

—P. P. Nunneley bought of various farmers 100 head of stock hogs, average about 130, at 4 to 50. They are for Dr. R. M. Nunneley in Clark.

—B. F. Robinson was here yesterday receiving the lambs he engaged the early part of the season at \$4. He offered to take 4 cents for them, but got no buyer.

—Simms, Mattingly & Co., of Lebanon, and Lou Benegard, of Louisville, 7 head of mules at \$117 and to Capt. Pharr, of the same State, 35 head at \$215. [Lancaster Standard.]

—Ben Robinson, the Garrard trader, says that the K. C. R. R. is a gentleman. They paid him a coat and a premium for the 21 cattle that were injured in a wreck without a word and with out trouble to him whatever.

—Judge W. E. Walker bought of (L. T. Higginbotham one pair of 4-year-old brown mules for \$300. Maj. A. O. Burnside & Co., of this place, bought of Andy Thompson, of Mercer county, 43 head of cattle, weighing 1,320 pounds, at \$4.80 per hundred. [Lancaster News.]

—In New York yesterday common to good native steers sold at \$4.67 to \$4.80 per cwt. live weight; prime to extra do. \$5.50 to \$5.75; Texas steers \$4.25 to \$4.50; exporters used 60 car loads and paid \$5.44 to \$5.72 per cwt. for good and prime lots; shipments 688 head of live cattle.

—The steamer Holland, which has arrived at New York from Havre, brought 150 Percheron stallions. This is the largest shipment of grown stallions ever imported from Europe. Not a single animal was lost on the voyage. All were shipped to the farm of their owner, W. Durham, at Wayne, Illinois.

—GEORGETOWN CATTLE.—About 150 cattle on sale and prices ranging from \$1.25 to \$4.00. Top quality super mules in demand at \$200; cotton mules a "little off" as it is too early in the season for this class of stock. Horses in good request, and selling at from \$35 to \$110 per head, according to quality.

—The Georgetown Times says Carter Moore sold to Kraits, of Baltimore, 31 head of cattle—50 head at \$3 cents, and 1 head at 6 cents, to be taken the last half of September. They will average over 1,500 pounds. At the sale of Carter's effects old corn bought \$2.45 to \$2.50 per barrel, and new corn about \$2.25 per bushel.

—The Cincinnati cattle market is quiet, though best shipping cattle find ready sale. Common is quoted at 2 to 3; fair to medium 3 to 4; good to extra butchers 4 to 5; common to choice shippers 4 to 5; stockers and feeders 3 to 4. Good heavy shipping hogs are in demand at 5.40 to 5.55; best butchers and heavy shippers 5 to 5.50; common 4 to 4.50; stock hogs 4 to 5.15. Sheep are dull at 2 1/2 to 3; stock weathers 3 to 4; do. ewes 2 1/2 to 3. Good lambs are in steady demand at 5 to 6; common 4 to 4 1/2.

BOYLE COUNTY.

—Mrs. Katherine Maxwell, wife of Mr. W. A. Maxwell, died Wednesday evening of apoplexy.

—A telephone wire connecting Stanford, Lancaster, Hickman and Danville will reach here Saturday.

—The marriage of Miss Mattie D. daughter of Col. D. W. Jones, of Chicago, to Mr. Robt. Winlock Neal, of Chicago, is announced for Sept. 4th prox.

—Maybe we'll convert James Hall into an up-sawyer, or town hall; and maybe we won't; we're thinking about it some, so we say.

—Frank Harris shipped to New York, Thursday, 40 extra New York cattle, averaging 1,585 lbs. each. They were purchased of Henry Bruce, of Garrard, at \$3 cents.

—A gentleman from Davidson, in Garrard county, Thursday morning, reports that three hounds, Wm. Dunn and Jim Kincaid, the three negroes so badly wounded at Bryantville on election day, are now in a fair way to recover.

—Dr. J. B. Warren is home again from New York, where he has been attending medical lectures. Mr. E. L. Emmett, of Hagerstown, Md., and Mrs. James Watson, of New Brunswick, were here Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. Phil R. B. Miller, of Kansas City, and Mr. Ed Worthington, of Cincinnati, are visiting the family of Mrs. Thos. Worthington, of this county. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mason, of Chicago, were in town Wednesday.

—Scott Fisher, supposing that an ancient and very wholesome law which permitted a husband to administer corporal punishment to a wife who she needed it, was still in existence, married his better half, Mrs. Laura Fisher, on Tuesday night. After visiting the family of Mrs. Thos. Worthington, of this county, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Mason, of Chicago, were in town Wednesday.

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—An entertainment complimentary to



### A BOLD BACKWOODS BOY.

Jad was eleven years old and little Chlo, his sister, was two years younger. But this was a great many years ago when their father, Mr. Dunlap, had just moved into a township in the western part of Maine, which was then a wild, uninhabited region, save where here and there an adventurous settler had planted his little log hut in the heart of the wilderness, and laid bare a few acres of the forest as a nucleus of the future home of himself and thriving family—almost always a small colony in itself.

Ah, who can tell what homelike moments and longings for the old associations of pioneer fathers and mothers endured, coming, as did many of them, from wealthy States and pleasant surroundings. There must have been a nightly attraction in the wild, free life of the backwoods man and a genuine love of the simple and lonely joys of the rough heartiness, to have held them in these rude homes, almost isolated, as they were, from the world, that they lived in anticipation, looking eagerly forward to a future of plenty, when the wilderness should become cultivated and fruitful through their first persistent and hardy efforts.

With an energy characteristic of the first settlers, Mr. Dunlap pushed his way on through toil, hardships and many privations, at first felling and clearing a patch large enough to put up a log cabin for his family, then by dogged cutting farther and farther into the primitive forest, till now quite a large tract lay open to the sun, a part of which under tolerable cultivation, the rest lying black and still smoking from recent burnings.

As before stated, Jad was now eleven. He was a dark-faced, shaggy lad, tough as a thong, inheriting much of his father's pluck and endurance. What over he undertook to do he was pretty sure to carry through.

In these unsettled regions wild animals were numerous, especially the wildcat, lynx and glutton, or wolverine. These creatures often came into the clearings, and their frequent depredations became a great pest to the settlers.

There was also an abundance of smaller game to be had for the trapping, and this fall Jad was anticipating no end of enjoyment in the warm Indian summer days, trapping for "muskrats" (muskrat) and mink along Tenney brook, which ran past the clearing half a mile away in the woods. His father had helped him make his traps, and on his very first visit he was greatly elated by finding a sleek and glossy mink in one of them. This piece of good luck had not a high price at the "big settlement," twenty-five miles down the country, where his father always went to do his trading.

Jad watched his traps eagerly as a miser watches his money bags. But with all his vigilance, what was his dismay to find, one morning, his trap farthest up stream, that a mink had been caught and taken out by some wild beast and devoured. The tail and little feathery clumps of fur lay scattered about the trap. Dire vengeance against the wild marauder at once possessed his heart.

Little Chlo was a keen sympathizer in his troubles. She was also his companion in this trapping expedition, in which it was her duty to carry the bait—sometimes a squirrel, often a trout caught from the brook.

"What 's a mouse got him?" asked Chlo, as Jad stood looking ruefully at the tail, which he held between his thumb and finger.

"I don't know, naws 'twas a glutton, or a wildcat. He says they are always round to get the bait out of traps and what's caught in 'em. Can't find him! Seven dollars gone down his throat!" he exclaimed, wrathfully.

"It's too bad," cried little Chlo. "Can't you catch him?"

Jad thought a moment. His father had a steel fox-trap. He would set that, and have the thief. Leaving Chlo, he hastened to the house, got the trap and raced back to the brook. It was set at last to his satisfaction, and baited with a squirrel, which he had brought along to bait his mink-traps with. He drove a stake down through the ring in the trap-chain, so as to hold whatever was caught.

Two days passed and not a mink had been near, but the bait was gone out of the steel trap, and also from two of the mink-traps. With his usual perseverance, Jad rebaited them and waited. The bait was again eaten out of most of his mink-traps, and, what was more vexatious, another mink had been caught and eaten.

Jad's patience now nearly gave way, and he was tempted to tear his traps up. But on second thought he resolved to try once more. He would bait only the fox-trap.

Jad did not visit it the next morning, as usual, for he was obliged to finish harvesting the potatoes. But after dinner, his father having gone to assist at putting up a log cabin for a newly-arrived settler, some two miles distant, Jad and Chlo set off for the brook, hatched and hatched in hand.

As they neared the place where the fox-trap was set they heard the chain clanking.

"I bet my head we've got him!" Jad cried excitedly, dashing through him a clump of cedar.

And, sure enough, there he was. A big, round-headed wild-cat!

As Jad's shaggy appearance the creature bounded and leaped frantically to free himself; but the stake was a strong one.

After cutting a stout green club three or four feet in length, Jad stuck the hatchet beneath the strap which he wore for a belt, and going as near as he dared struck at the creature with all his might. He missed, however, and the cat started round to the other side of the stake, bringing up with a sudden jerk, where it crouched, growling low and watching the boy with fiery eyes and ears bled back.

"Oh, don't go so near him, Jad!" cautioned little Chlo, retreating across the brook. "He'll fly at ye 'fore ye know it!"

"Let 'im fly!" cried the now-excited boy. "He's going to get his head cracked 'fore I'm done with 'im! Take that, ye sneakin' thief!" he added, venturing up and bringing down the club, with a quick blow, just grazing the animal as he again jumped to the other side.

Then round and round the stake they flew, Jad thumping the ground, trap, anything but the cat, which adroitly kept out of his reach, all the time furiously snarling and spitting. It was hard telling which was purser as they gyrated about the stake amid a perfect whirlwind of dead leaves.

But in an unlucky moment Jad's club got under the trap chain, and bringing it up suddenly he threw the ring over the top of the stake. With a bound the creature was off, the chain rattling after him and catching under roots and stones.

There was not a second to lose, and the boy gave hot chase. They ran on for fifty rods or more; then, seeing Jad so close upon him, the cat scratched up the trunk of a hemlock, trap and all, and from the branches glared at the panting and excited boy.

Jad's courage was now up to the highest pitch, and throwing down his club he began to climb the rough trunk.

"Don't go up there, Jad, for pity's sake, don't!" implored little Chlo, now coming up all out of breath.

"Yes, an' let 'im go off with pa's trap on his foot, wouldn't ye? Just like a girl—fraid of her own shadow!" cried Jad scornfully.

"I tell ye, he's got to pay for his mink with his skin—so it he don't!" and he climbed on laboriously, giving vent to his indignation in threats which he meant to put into execution.

Reaching the lower limbs, Jad grasped the hatchet firmly, ready for an assault. As he came within a yard of the cat it kept clanking and making attempts to leap down upon the boy's head, all the time growling fiercely. Throwing the hatchet back over his shoulder as far as he could reach, Jad struck at the big head in the crotch of the tree just above him. But the creature dodged the blow. He again struck and missed; but the next time he was fortunate enough to hit the cat on the head, fairly knocking it off the limb to the ground, where for a moment it lay stunned and motionless.

Jad slipped quickly down the trunk, thinking the victory won. But the animal, recovering itself, set upon the boy with true feline grit, and the next moment they were engaged in a lively tussle, while little Chlo ran back and forth shouting for help at the top of her voice.

The woods resounded with the confused medley. Jad now found that he must fight for his life, and with another desperate blow he again stunned the creature, and before he could recover, the resolute boy dispatched him.

Dropping the hatchet, Jad threw himself on the ground, panting and exhausted. Poor little Chlo now came timidly forward, trembling and casting frightened glances at the animal, as if she half expected it would even now leap upon her.

"Oh, Jad!" cried the little girl, seeing the boy's fatigued look. "you must be awful hurt! And, oh, see your arm!"

"No, I ain't hurt, neither," declared Jad, stoutly, sitting up, "not much, anyway. That's only a little scratch!" regarding his arm ruefully.

It was a pretty big one, however, hindling some birch twigs firmly about the creature's hind legs, Jad, with little Chlo's assistance, dragged him to the house.

"My patience alive!" cried their mother, running to the door, as she caught sight of the children. "Jad Dunlap! you venturesome boy, where did you get that wildcat?"

"He got into our trap, an' then run off up a tree with it, and Jad climb up after 'im," little Chlo hastened to explain. "I told him not to," she added, seeing the gathering reproach in her mother's eyes.

"And you got well scratched," said Mrs. Dunlap, turning Jad about and eyeing his bleeding arm. "I guess 'twould learn you to let wildcats alone!"

"He won't eat any more of my mink, anyway," muttered Jad.

He did not get much sympathy from his father, either, who chided him severely for his want of prudence, and bade him be more cautious in the future about attacking such animals.

It took a long time to heal up Jad's lacerated arms and shoulders, and it was a number of days before he got over the wounds and humours enough to visit his traps. However, Jad was not troubled again that fall, while two more mink were added to his little pile of furs, which he sent on his father's load down to the "settlement" not long after.

STREET TALK.—"How much better you look, Mr. S!" "Yes, I have gained 32 pounds on Hall's Catarrh Cure. Have not felt so well in 20 years. It has made a complete cure and is worth \$50 a bottle to say on that has the catarrh."

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Peun & McAllister.

### HOW TO MAKE TEA.

Hard water makes the most delicious tea, as it dissolves less of the tannin and gives the cup a more delicate flavor. And even with hard water there is a wide difference between wells located near together. But given the same quality of water, and a difference in the manipulation will make to a sensitive taste a total change in the character of the beverage.

There is not one city tea-kettle out of 100 that in its present condition is fit to boil water for a cup of tea. Let our reader go home to-night and inspect his own outfit, and he will verify our statement. He will find the interior of his kettle incrustated with the mineral deposits extracted from the water boiled in it from morning until night of each succeeding day. As the water is "clean," the cook but empties and fills the kettle, never thinking of the growth of crust that must now be scraped off if the kettle is to be cleaned. Water that has stood after boiling will not make a good cup of tea, and yet how often the tired laborer, mechanic, merchant, doctor or lawyer has tried to make himself with a beverage made from water containing the debris of that which has stood all day on the range, being only filled as often as any addition was needed. Take a clean kettle never used for anything else, fill it with fresh water, the harder the better, but quickly over a very hot fire, and pour as soon as it boils upon the tea leaves fresh from the canister. Let it stand four or five minutes, and then drink.

How to spoil tea: If the first experiment does not make an infusion strong enough, or if the pot is partly empty and more is needed, do not put any fresh tea into the teapot, for it will not be wasted. Ten water will not dissolve the tea from the dry leaves of fresh tea; only pure, fresh water will do that. The addition of tea to the nearly empty teapot will increase the color, but it will not make tea perceptibly stronger in its exhilarating quality. Any one may try the experiment. Put a table-spoonful of tea into a quart of water and let it stand five minutes, or boil it if desired. Then add two more spoonfuls of tea leaves to the same decoction. The color will be increased, but the tea will be little stronger in the active principle so much desired. When more liquid or a stronger infusion is desired, put the additional tea in a cup and pour fresh water on it; after it has stood a few minutes, it may then be put in the pot to good advantage.—*Christian at Work.*

### HOW THEY SALT A CLAIM.

"I wish you would explain to me all about this salting of claims that I hear so much about," said a meek-eyed underfoot to a grizzled old miner who was panning about six ounces of pulverized quartz. "I don't see what they want to salt a claim for, and I don't understand how they do it."

"Well, you see, a hot season like this they have to salt a claim lots of times to keep it. A fresh claim is good enough for a fresh tenderfoot, but old-timers won't look at anything but a pickled claim. You know what quartz is, probably?"

"No."

"Well, every claim has quartz. Some more and some less. You find out how many quarts there are, and then put in so many pounds of salt to the quart. Wild-cat claims require more salt, because the wild cat spoils quicker than anything else."

"Sometimes you catch a nigger, too, and you have to put him in brine pretty plenty or you will lose him. That's one reason why they salt a claim."

"Then, again, you often grub stake a man—"

"But what is a grub stake?"

"Well, a grub stake is a stake that the boys hang their grub on so they can carry it. Lots of mining men have been knocked cold by a blow from a grub stake."

"What I wanted to say, though, was this: You will probably at first strike free-milling poverty, with indications of something else. Then you will no doubt sink till you strike bed-rock, or a true fissure gopher hole, with traces of disappointment."

"That's the time to put in your salt. You can shoot it into the shaft with a double-barreled shot gun, or wet it and apply it with a whitewash brush. If people turn up their noses at your claim then, and say it is a waste, and that they think there is something rotten in Dunlap, you can tell them that they are clear off, and that you have salted your claim and that you know you are all right."

The last scene of the tenderfoot was a luring a double-barreled shot-gun and ten pounds of rock-salt.

There's no doubt but a mining camp is the place to send a young man who wants to acquire knowledge and fill his system full of information that will be useful to him so long as he lives.—*HTL Nye.*

### THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN—BY A JETTED MAN.

Women are sadly ruled by the law of compensation. Those who are good are never pretty; those who are pretty are never good.

To a man, truth is what he knows; to a woman, truth is what she believes.

The only perfect woman a man ever knows is his mother.

All intimate friendships among women have the same basis, and always exist between those who resemble each other in figure—they can borrow each other's dresses.

Women invariably fear death—and I don't wonder.

Edison's Electric Light is a wonderful discovery, but not as wonderful as Hall's Catarrh Cure. For sale by Peun & McAllister.

### THE MOON.

Not long since we had a view of the moon through a fine telescope. She was in what is called her gibbous phase; that is, more than half enlightened, between the first quarter and the full.

The telescope had a power of 500—or magnified 500 times—which so increased the size of our little satellite that only a small portion could be seen at once. She was brought so near that it seemed as if we could almost touch her.

Her surface looks more like clink than like anything else. The scene was one of utter desolation. Deep indentations with immense cones rising in the center; huge fissures and crevices black as night; stupendous cavities, and every conceivable form of shapeless expanse, are all that now remain to show where verdant-covered valleys once reigned, mountain tops lifted their heads crowned with eternal snow, volcanic craters sent forth hidden flames, and basins and river beds were covered with surging seas and running streams.

The moon's atmosphere has long since been absorbed, and therefore no clouds diversify her sky, no sound breaks the eternal silence, no twilight prolongs the day, and no sign of life can be traced in the chaos that reigns on the dead planet.

Doubtless, before her infernal howl was exhausted, she was the abode of habitable life, but, being only one-fourth of the size of the earth, she must cool much faster, and her mission be more quickly fulfilled.

There is, however, some variety in the view of the moon as different portions of the disk come into the field. Now we have a comparatively placid scene, known as the Sea of Tranquillity, for in old times water was supposed to exist there. Now comes the famous crater Linnæus, which, a few years since, was thought to give signs of volcanic action. Then other well-known localities are glimpsed at, for astronomers know the prominent features of the moon as well as these of our own globe.

The most interesting view was that of the terminator or boundary line between the bright and shadowed portions of the moon. Instead of the line of light that marks its appearance to the naked eye, the rough edge was formed of golden branches like huge forams of coral.

These were the summits of the mountains in the moon, just rising on this portion of the satellite.

The bright mountain tops were grandly beautiful as they were touched by the sunbeams. The scene was still more sublime and awe inspiring when it was remembered that the eyes that looked upon it were 240,000 miles away.—*Youth's Companion.*

### A MESMERIST'S TRICK.

The French courts have allowed themselves to be humbugged by the mesmerizers, when they admitted as proof of somnambulism the evidence of a needle being thrust into the nape of a man's neck without his feeling it. Many years ago I went to a public mesmerist at Brighton. The mesmerizer thrust needles in the forehead and arms of a number of girls who sat with him on a platform, and whom he had mesmerized. I thought that I recognized the practitioner, and, on speaking to him after the seance, I found that he had been a butler in the family of a relation of mine. He showed me how to insert a needle into any one without pain. Nothing is more easy. It was only to be done very slowly. Proceeding from lecture to practice, he inserted into my forehead two or three needles without my feeling anything beyond a slight prick.—*London Truth.*

### A WIZEN-PAKED MAN WITH A HAND ORGAN AND SEVERAL MONKEY ATTACHED TO HIS FIVE FINGERS ON A STREET-CORNER.

and warbled a few notes from the "Dead March." A sympathizing public contributed 77 cents to help pay his lost wages, while five able-bodied men worked for sixteen hours not a dozen yards away, and received 75 cents for the labor. It isn't quantity, it's quality the people care for.—*New York Times.*

### THE RECTOR GOT NICK, ETC.

An extraordinary story was told by the Rev. A. Langdon at the Exeter Diocesan Conference. The rector of a living worth £1,000 a year was ill, and, as he was assured he would not live forty-eight hours, he was anxious to arrange his worldly affairs. A lawyer was summoned, and there was discovered a client anxious to get hold of the rector could not live forty-eight hours longer, agreed to give £10,000 for the next presentation. No sooner were matters settled than the sick man felt a great weight lifted from his breast, and he at once had a great desire for chicken broth, mutton chops and so on, and gradually got well, living for twenty-five years in the enjoyment of his benefice. The honorable course would have been for the rector to have retired on getting well, and to have allowed the purchaser at once made the next presentation, but he could not do this—it would have been simony!—*Manchester (Eng.) Express.*

### A TEACHER ASKED THE DEFINITION OF THE WORD "RIOT."

"It means," said a 12-year-old lad, "a free fight in which any one can take part without paying a cent."

### PROF. ADAMS SAID, "NO OFFERING IS SIMPLY THE OFFERING OF HIS FATHER AND MOTHER."

This is a truth farmers would do well to always bear in mind. Family traits, mental and physical, extend back far beyond the parents—sometimes lost and sometimes appearing—through many generations.

### H. L. GARRETT, OXFORD, KY., SAYS: "I AM IN BETTER HEALTH THAN EVER BEFORE, PURSUING MY USUAL BUSINESS, AND AM NOT GRIPPED BY THE AGONY OF THE CATARRH OF THE BLADDER, AS I WAS BEFORE I USED BROWN'S IRON BITTERS."

### THE NEW LIFE.

is given by using BROWN'S IRON BITTERS. In the Winter it strengthens and warms the system; in the Spring it enriches the blood and conquers disease; in the Summer it gives tone to the nerves and digestive organs; in the Fall it enables the system to stand the shock of sudden changes.

In no way can disease be so surely prevented as by keeping the system in perfect condition. BROWN'S IRON BITTERS ensures perfect health through the changing seasons, it disarms the danger from impure water and miasmatic air, and it prevents Consumption, Kidney and Liver Disease, &c.

H. S. Berlin, Esq., of the well-known firm of H. S. Berlin & Co., Attorneys, Le Droit Building, Washington, D. C., writes, Dec. 5th, 1881:

Gentlemen: I take pleasure in stating that I have used BROWN'S IRON BITTERS for malarial and nervous troubles, caused by overwork, with excellent results.

Beware of imitations. Ask for BROWN'S IRON BITTERS, and insist on having it. Don't be imposed on with something recommended as "just as good." The genuine is made only by the Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

### TO THE PUBLIC.

We promise to give satisfaction, and when desired will give Patent Food for Wheat. Can make either boiled or unboiled meal.

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A suitable reward will be paid for information leading to the detection of Mrs. Corinne Hall (adoptive) and recovery of our heirs, which she did not account for when she was in this city three years ago.

### GERMAN INVIGORATOR.

Which positively and permanently cures Impotency, (caused by venereal or any kind) Hemorrhoids, and all diseases that follow a course of self-abuse, as loss of energy, loss of memory, universal lassitude, pain in the back, dimness of vision, prostration, and many other diseases that lead to consumption and a premature grave. Sold by all druggists. The J. H. HENRY & CO. Sole Proprietors, TOLEDO, OHIO.

### ROBBER.

Thousands of graves are annually robbed of their victims, lives prolonged, and property restored by using the great

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### ARCHITECT.

And am prepared to furnish designs and estimates for buildings and all kinds of work. I am doing no small business, can be judged of by the fact that my bank account runs from \$1,000 to \$2,000 per week. Contracting and building done promptly and at living prices. Address C. S. STAFFORD, 78-80-1st.

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Headache, vertigo, and all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Bile, Hysteria, Nervousness, Distress after eating, Indigestion, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

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BAPTIST.—Rev. J. M. Harris, Pastor. Services on Second and Fourth Sundays, morning and night. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday afternoon. Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. R. R. Harris, Superintendent.

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Catarrh of the Nasal Cavity—Chronic and Ulcerative Catarrh of the Throat, Eye or Throat. This taken internally, and acts DIRECTLY upon the Blood and Mucous Surfaces of the Throat.

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